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FOR THE ARIEL.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES.

Seldom have I been more gratified, than in a late voyage down the Hudson, from Albany to New York—and though a description of that noble river, and its characteristic scenery, has often been given,—and although many have “gazed, and wondered as they gazed,” and have then given their emotions to the world, yet I cannot resist the desire to give an idea of what I saw, in the hope that a description of the scenes which afforded me so much gratification, will not be entirely devoid of interest. It was a clear, cold morning, when I left Albany—and that magnificent boat, the North America, cleaved the calm waters, like “a thing of life,” while the city faded rapidly from my view, and Mount Ida, and the mountains skirting Troy, in the distance, gradually melted away into the thin atmosphere. Before reaching Hudson, partial glimpses were had of the Catskills, like deep-blue clouds, rising above the horizon; and when I reached the city, the western range was distinctly seen, extending as far as the eye could reach, and apparently forming a half circle, sweeping around to the south-east, with a graceful curve—while far to the south, the light fleecy clouds of the morning, lay scattered midway up the mountain; over and above which appeared their snowy tops, blending with the sky. I had never seen them before, and it is not surprising that I gazed with wonder and admiration. There is a kind of hallowed and sublime sensation, experienced in contemplating majestic mountain scenery, which a pictured, quiet landscape can never produce. A groupe of passengers stood at the railing over which I leaned, and feasted my eyes on the scene before me. “The steam-boat passes along very *fluently*,” said a little, well-dressed beauty, at my elbow, with an affected lisp.—Hereupon the young cit to whom this remark was addressed, drew himself up, with his arms folded in his cloak, and with an air of mingled contempt and superior taste, replied—“I confess I don’t see how you can think of the steam-boat, when you have these mountains—so grand and sublime, before you.” “La!” said the girl, a little confounded, “I knew the mount-ings are very

pretty, but one tires, you know, in looking at them more than once; and I have seen them before—*then* they seemed a magni-*fish*-ent sight!”

I lost sight, after a time, of the mountains in the distance—and was engaged in contemplating other scenes which I was passing—a pleasant, quiet landscape, seen through a vista of frowning rocks, and overhanging precipices. At length, blending with the far south, peered forth the Highlands—“mountain over mountain, height over height, away into the clear blue sky.” Clouds were floating about their sides; and their tops, at a dizzy height, seemed enveloped in a thin, hazy mist. To the west, stood forth, with beautiful prominence, the Catskill Mountain House—the cool retreat kept by Mr. Webb—a fashionable resort for the *ton* in the heat of summer.

It was early in the evening, and the moon threw a faint light, rendered mellow by the retiring steps of day upon the scene, as I neared the highlands. St. Anthony’s Nose began to look in the uncertain light, as if it had been rightly named—and the higher points beyond, upon which a slight fall of snow had rested, appeared tipped with hues of silver. As you pass *under* the Nose of the patron saint, it is vain to attempt to trace the fancied resemblance. Huge, rough, and towering, his head rises above you, and you feel like an atom below. The highlands are *all* grand; but more especially the last but one which we passed before reaching West-Point. After leaving the narrows for a short distance in our rear, it was next to impossible to find where we had entered the “Tappaan Zee,” which here commences spreading out into a splendid bay. West point, with its prettily-built town, and its military edifices, occupying a commanding and elegant eminence, stands on a fine and projecting point of land, on the west bank of the river. Farther down, on the eastern shore of the Hudson, lies Tarrytown—and beyond a long strip of mountains, reposes in undisturbed silence—Sleepy Hollow, the residence of the far-famed and uncouth Ichabod Crane, whose person and adventures, our own Irving has so inimitably described. Upon my manifesting an interest in the place, by enquiring

with respect to the precise location of Sleepy Hollow, a by-stander interrogated us with—“Do you admire this town and hollow, sir? They’re considered to be no great concerns in these parts.” I made answer that Irving had thrown a charm around the spot, which could not but make it interesting. “Yes,” replied the knowing wight, “he has got some proper nice farms about Tarrytown, and the hollow.” I did not explain—and the man no doubt acquitted me of folly, in consideration of my agricultural taste. The Palisades are a grand, perpendicular ledge of rocks, which rise many hundred feet in height; and a tall sloop, which was dropping slowly down with the tide, when beneath them, looked like a small canoe, and its masts, like rattans, in the contrast. But I must draw my remarks to a close—spun out, as they have been, by the recollections of the interesting scenery I have attempted to set before the mind’s eye of the reader, to the end, that he might, in some measure, partake of the pleasure it had afforded me. And here I would remark, that those who would not lose sight of the the grandest of Nature’s Works, will, should business call them up the majestic Hudson, make the tour by the steam-boat in day-light.

C. G. L.

NAVAL MANNERS.—When the duke of York, (brother to George III.) went on board Lord Howe’s ship, as a midshipman, the different captains in the fleet attended, to pay him their respects, on the quarter-deck. He seemed not to know what it was to be subordinate, nor to feel the necessity of moderation in the display of superiority resulting from his high rank, and he received the officers with some hauteur. This a sailor on the fore-castle observed; and after expressing astonishment at the duke’s keeping his hat on, he told one of his messmates, that “the thing was not in its sphere;” adding, “it is no wonder he does not know manners, as he was never at sea before.”

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—The father of the celebrated Rembrandt was a miller, and the young artist’s first performance being executed in a mill, in which the light being admitted only from above, imparted to his pencil that peculiar depth of light and shade from which he never departed.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE BOOK WORM.—NO. 2.

There is an influence in Books, whose peaceful and renovating power can never cease to be felt, until the wise mind is palsied by death. They throw a kind of spell over our existence; they awaken recollections by a mere glance, which are soothing and delightful! How often would time pass tardily, and with melancholy pace, did not this glorious employment of reading kill its hours! It is a kind of new life, by reading the history of others; and when the numbers of the Poet, or the page of the Novelist, are before us, we forget time—our own cares vanish—If our lot is dark on earth, for the time being, oblivion is upon it; and when we awake from our pondering reverie, it is to turn from the wide and interesting waste of the Past, "Eternity of Time," as from a dream, to the circle of our own sorrows.

The other night, I happened to meet with that splendid work, "The Romance of the Forest," by Mrs. Radcliffe. I had before read it, in my younger days;—many had been the changes of my life, since that period: yet how vividly did the time *when* and the place *where*, rush upon my recollection! My youth, with its day-dreams, and its eloquent, unsullied delights, came thronging back into my mind; I remembered the little arbor where in the pleasant summer afternoon, I had hastened from school, to read to my sister Adeline, the mysterious narrative of the Daughter of La Luck—the imperious Marquis de Montalt or the pliant and wavering Pierre de la Motte!—Where, though I, are those days of unclouded brightness—of summer and sunshine! Like the dews of May, their light is extinguished—the clouds of fate have darkened above the heaven of my pilgrimage—and the dreams of my youth are vanished.—The friends I have loved are lost forever! And she, my gentle sister, whose affection was to me a store, too highly prized—whose bounding footstep and beaming eye bespoke the innocence of her heart—where was she? Alas! the spoiler had breathed upon that blossom in my pathway, and her eye was forever sealed in the darkness of the grave!

It is good to have these reflections upon the mind.—Sorrow, like love, is sacred: and I would not that forgetfulness should enshroud those whom I have once loved—albeit, to think of them is a bitter dreg in the cup of life. Give me the boon of memory—and the vista of time to look back upon—though the scene upon which I cast my retrospective gaze, be one of many shadows, and of little sunshine; I love the means whereby I am thus enabled to review my life—to compare it with others, who have arisen before me upon the fitful wave of time—have endured its turmoil, and at last have sunk to rest, like wearied pilgrims, on the couch of the tomb.

The privations which I have suffered from intense reading and devotion to books, have been small; but I would fain mention one. The other day, my kind host informed me that a fine host of canvass-

backs would be served for dinner at one. A pleasant, palatable thought, came over me; and I resolved to be punctual. I retired to my room; and after a few moments walking, like a distinguished individual the Scriptures make mention, "to and fro, and up and down in it," I sat down, and taking up "Abelard and Eloisa," I was soon lost in a nunnery, and reading passionate billets-doux. How long I was in this trance, I cannot declare to a certainty. But I was roused by a huge black servant, stating that dinner was despatched already; and that if I wished any thing, I must come down immediately. I did go down; and lo! the cloth was partly removed; at one end of the table was the cold wing of a duck, frozen down in a little remnant of gravy!—There was a moiety of bread; the guests had come and gone: and the folding doors standing open, gave a view of the kitchen and its inmates, busy in removing the cleaned dishes to the cupboard. But I did not regret my movement. True, I had lost my share of the canvass-backs, but I had revelled in sighs and sympathies all the morning. Who would give a love story for a duck, or the recital of a tete-a-tete amour, for a glass of wine? Verily, not I.

THE DANGERS OF SAILING IN HIGH LATITUDES.

AWFUL INCIDENT.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of a Greenland whaleship, found himself becalmed among a vast number of icebergs in about 77 degrees north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were of immense height and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind, he could not move either one way or another, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the surrounding icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crushing noises gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there was actually any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and captain Warrens found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first, some intervening ice-

bergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing anything except her masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Captain Warrens' curiosity was so much excited, that he immediately leaped into the boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weatherbeaten, and not a soul appeared upon the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a small table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct. The party, therefore, went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens had viewed through the port hole. A tremour seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible of strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his eye balls. He held a pen in his hand, and a log book before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus, "11th Nov. 1762; We have now been enclosed in the ice seventy days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—"

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a stiff contraction of the limbs alone showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor in one corner of the room, was the corpse of an apparently young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him.

In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their births, and the body of a dog was crouched at the bottom of the gang-way stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where, but Captain Warrens was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log book already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with awful example which he had just witnessed, of the danger of navigating the polar seas, in high northern latitudes. On returning to England, he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of these with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship, and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen up seventeen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

Com. Porter remained at Vera Cruz, at the latest date, in command of the Mexican squadron.

FOR THE ARIEL.
FASHION.

"Have you any Butterfly Belts, madam?"—enquired a young lady at the counter of one of the most fashionable fancy stores in Philadelphia, where I was quietly tumbling over a pile of gloves, looking for a pair with which to fortify myself on the approach of winter. I thought the question rather an odd one, not because it was oddly asked, but because it was an odd thing that was asked for. Indeed, to my ears it was mere jargon—so I continued looking at the pile of gloves.

"Butterfly Belts, Miss!" replied the lady of the shop, with a look of mingled curiosity and amazement, "I never even heard of such an article!"

I was quite sure I never had; so thinking myself quite as wise as the shopkeeper, I ventured to look up upon the fashionable object at my elbow. It was, to the best of my belief, a human being—for it spoke, and had eyes—but never before did I see the lovely form of woman so disfigured. Her delicate figure was screwed up to resemble a certain kind of spider, the extremities of whose body are connected by a horsehair, and I verily believe my hand could have taken in her waist at a single span. For a moment I almost thought there was no waist at all—yet, when I cast my eyes upon her dress, I was soon convinced that there was nothing but *waste* about her. Her delicate feet were clad in sky-blue shoes, above the edges of which might be seen the fine silk stocking—the merest apology for a winter dress I ever beheld. The Indies had been visited to clothe her body—the plains of Cashmere had contributed—and the shawl which hung about her shoulders had been nourished in the groves of Angola. Her bonnet was not only beyond description, but extended full two feet beyond her head on every side. From its various colored folds descended bright and shining curls of auburn, which I was intently, and perhaps impudently admiring, when the paragon of fashion suddenly turned her eyes upon me. I slunk round to my gloves, and was just about suiting myself to a pair, when she again addressed the patient woman of the shop.

"I heard that such an article was in town, and supposing it would be a three weeks' fashion, I was anxious to procure them before any body else—so good morning!"—and she moved out with the dignity of a queen, leaving me to finish my half completed bargain.

What childishness and folly, said I to myself, as I drew on one of my new gloves on reaching the pavement, does that single enquiry of a fashionable girl exhibit! A Butterfly Belt! How keen and active is the human mind! How expert is one portion of the world in finding out new schemes with which to gull the other, and, alas! how eagerly does the other rush into the snare! The fashionable jargon of the day was unintelligible to my ears, and every catchpenny name which fashion gives to transient articles of female apparel, sounded strangely. But how

many have been caught by titles less attractive than "Butterfly Belt!"—and yet, as belts are made to *take in* people, the gull should not be wondered at.

The day was cold and blustering, and I hurried homeward, for it was near to dinner time. I hastily entered my parlor—and lo! before my own fire-side, with her back turned to the door, sat the identical searcher after Butterfly Belts! Who she was I knew not—and indeed, was not particularly anxious that I should be seen by her. Yet she sat in my favorite rocking chair, with an air of perfect quietness and unconcern, and rocked herself to and fro with a familiarity that confounded me. My hand was on the door, and the door was open—the wind came in at the door, as I had done—but, being ruder than I, (though heaven knows I rued her enough) it sent a chill into her back, and turning round to see who it was that held the door open on her, I met the tart and vinegar-like countenance of my mother's seamstress!

M.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

LADY FANSHAW.—This excellent woman, who was a pattern of conjugal affection, is well deserving of being classed amongst the most illustrious of her sex. The constant companion of her husband, amidst all his dangers and hardships, she never quitted him; and her distress can better be imagined than described, when, after the famous battle of Worcester, on the 2nd of September, 1651, the King was missing, nor could she gain any intelligence of her husband. It being, however, slightly rumored, that he had been made a prisoner, Lady Fanshawe set off for London; and when she found that her husband was pent up in a narrow room, almost gasping for want of air, she never failed to go at four o'clock every morning, with a dark lanthorn in her hand, all alone, and on foot, from her lodgings in Chancery lane to Whitehall. She would stand under his window, and call to him softly; and sometimes, while they talked together, the rain would pour down her neck till it ran out at her heels, as she relates in a letter to one of her children.

Going one day to solicit Cromwell for her husband's liberty, he told her to bring him a certificate the next day that he was really ill. Cromwell's physician happened also to be physician to Lady Fanshawe's family, and he gave her a very favorable one; and Cromwell was inclined to set him free: but Sir Henry Vane spoke loudly against it, saying, that Fanshawe would not fail to hang every one that sat there, if it was in his power. He was, however, let out upon bail.

They got leave to go to the priory of Ware in Hertfordshire, a happy place, as Lady Fanshawe remarks in her letters, for there they heard the news of Cromwell's death. The bond was cancelled, and Lord Clarendon told Fanshawe he was a free man.

In 1663, Lady Fanshawe accompanied her husband into Spain, where he went in a public situation, and where they were both treated with the respect that was due to their extraordinary talents and virtue.

In their voyage thither they were attacked by an armed galley belonging to the Turks. The captain had locked Lady Fanshawe up in his cabin, where she long called and knocked in vain, till the

cabin boy kindly opened the door for her; bathed in tears, she supplicated the boy to give her his thrum cap and tarred coat, which request, on her giving him half-a-crown he complied with. Putting them on, and throwing aside her own night-clothes, this heroic woman crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by her husband's side; who, after the Turk had tacked about, caught her in his arms, and said, "Good God! that love can make this change!" Lady Fanshawe being a remarkably delicate female, and rather timid, except on very trying occasions.

It is stated, in the Dedham Register, that in every case of criminal conviction at the late term of the Supreme Court for Norfolk County, the convict was under the influence of ardent spirits at the time of committing the offence. What a comment is here upon the enormity of intemperate drinking!

COLD WINTER IS COMING.

Cold Winter is coming—take care of your toes—
Gay Zephyr has folded his fan;
His lances are couch'd in the ice-wind that blows,
So mail up as warm as you can.

Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start
From his home on the mountains afar;
He is shrunken and pale—he looks froze to the heart,
And snow-wreaths embellish his ear.

Cold Winter is coming—Hark! did ye not hear
The blast which his herald has blown?
The children of Nature all trembled in fear,
For to them is his power made known.

Cold Winter is coming—there breathes not a flower,
Though sometimes the day may pass fair!
The soft lute is remov'd from the lady's lorn bower,
Lest it coldly be touched by the air.

Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,
The passage-bird hastens away;
To the lovely blue South, like the tourist, he roves,
And returns like the sunshine in May.

Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream;
And the bane of his petrific breath
Will seal up the waters, till, in the moonbeam
They lie stirless, as slumber or death!

Cold Winter is coming, and soon shall we see
On the panes, by that genius Jack Frost,
Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower, and tree,
Framed and glazed too, without any cost.

Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair,
Take care when your hyson you sip:—
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come unaware,
And turn it to ice on your lip.

Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—
Muffle warm—of the tyrant beware,
He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's
fain—
He's so cold he'll not favor the fair.

Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before;
It seems I've not much else to say;
Yes, Winter is coming, and God help the poor!
I wish it was going away.

TO A GLOW-WORM.

Little being of a day,
Glowing in thy cell alone,
Shedding light with mystic ray
On thy path and on my own.
Dost thou whisper to my heart?—
'Though I grovel in the sod,
Still I mock man's boasted art
With the workmanship of God.'
See! the fire-fly in his flight
Scorning thy terrene career,—
He, the eccentric meteor bright,
Thou, the planet of the sphere.

Why, within thy cavern damp,
Thus with trembling haste dost cower,
Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,—
Lustre of thy lonely bower?
No!—regain thy couch of clay,
Sparkle brightly as before:
Man should dread to take away
Gifts he never can restore.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A TRUE SKETCH.

"I tell you Edward, I believe you will forget me, when you are away, and the many pretty things you have said of your friend Ellen," spake a lovely girl to her young lover, as she stood leaning confidently on his arm, and looking up quietly in his face. I stepped aside undiscovered, as they passed, one moonlit evening, along a pleasant lawn, sprinkled with trees, through which glimpses might be seen of the ocean, with its undulating waves, looking as if crested with fire. Those who have visited one of the most beautiful villages on the sea-shore, in New England, will recognize the picture and trace the delineation.

"Never, my dear Ellen," said Edward, "never shall I forget you, or the blissful moments we have passed together. Could I forget Ellen Williams?"—and in the gladness of his heart he kissed away the tears which had stolen upon her cheek.

"But Edward, you know the perils of the ocean—how dare you tempt them—numerous, as you know they are? Surely if you loved me you would not go to Europe. You cannot but stay, to gladden the heart of your aged mother. If not for her, remember—remember—"

"Ellen Williams," said Edward smiling—"no fear of treacherous memory, when you are to be thought of, so good, and—"

"Remember Charles Graham," resumed Ellen. "He thought he should again hail the blue hills of his native country. How he suffered, let his heart-broken parents answer—where he lies, let the wild waves tell. Can you bear to think of his untimely fate—so good, so generous, and so long your intimate companion?"

"Charles Graham was indeed unfortunate—poor fellow! But what of all this? The ship he went in was a mere hulk when she left port, though she had a fair outside. The one I am to sail in is a tried vessel, strong, and copper-fastened. I must travel—change of scene will—"

"Yes!—change of scene—it is that Edward, and the glare of the British metropolis, which I am afraid will entrap your better judgment, and which leads me to predict, I fear with too much certainty, the change which your feelings will undergo; and yet if I could really think so—"

"Ellen," said Morton, interrupting her in turn—"as sure as yon moon is sailing in unsullied splendor through this calm evening sky, so sure will I be true to the girl who has won my first, and young, and ardent affection."

A cloud, the only one to be seen in the starry expanse above, passed over the moon's disk, and its shadow was observed, like floating gossamer, stealing along the vast and indistinct waste of water, at which Edward Morton and Ellen Williams were gazing.

Edward Morton was the son of a worthy veteran of the Revolution, who was numbered among the thousands who fell in the defence of their country. His mother, with the remnant of a property which her husband had left her, managed to support herself and family respectably, and to give her son an excellent education. Her two daughters had married—and had gone, one to New York, and the other to Boston. She had none to comfort her, as the nightfall of years gathered around her, but her only son; and upon him she doated with all a parent's fondness. At the age of nineteen he left college—and to be near his mother, he engaged himself in a mercantile establishment in his native

village; intending, when his genius became more matured, to enter into the learned mazes of Coke and Blackstone.

The gentleman in whose service young Morton was employed, was the father of Ellen Williams, an only daughter. She was a bewitching girl, and I cannot describe her. If, adopting the manner of the age, I were to say that her joyous laugh was like the music of birds; that her motion was distinguished by the grace of Juno—that the sleepy blue of her mild eye was like the clear cerulean—that her form was like a Sylph's, and the whole contour of her person as enchanting as the Venus de Medicis, critics would quizz, and old women and maiden aunts, who had never seen the object of my rhapsody, would raise their spees as they read, and protest that such perfection never existed.

Although Ellen Williams was handsome—though she was as lovely, as all who saw her represented—yet she had a mind whose superior endowments threw the beauty of form and feature quite into the shade. It was her sweet, placid disposition, that drew admiration from those who were backward to acknowledge her outward loveliness.

Nor was Edward Morton less an object of esteem; and equally was his fine figure and handsome person overbalanced, when placed in the scale with his kind attentions to his mother—his sweetness of temper, and the ease of his genteel and urbane deportment. He was in the full confidence of his patron, and with every person in the family his friend, it is not so much to be wondered at, that he won the heart of his daughter.

Affairs were thus situated, when business made a voyage to England expedient; and Edward, with an enthusiasm natural to youth, solicited the privilege of visiting Europe. I pass the many fond walks and fonder meetings of the young lovers, and bring the reader to the wharf on the morning that the vessel which was to convey Morton to London, weighed anchor, and proceeded out to sea. It was a beautiful day, and a fine breeze filled the white sails, as Mr. Williams gave him a cordial "God bless you!" and his daughter bade him farewell, while the tear of young affection dropped from her long, fringed eyelid, and rested, like chrystal, upon her cheek.

After a pleasant voyage, the vessel in which Edward had sailed, arrived safely at Gravesend—and in a short time with a beating heart, and enthusiast emotions, he was threading the streets of London, that mart of every thing, whose immensity, classic associations, and countless population, had won the astonishment of more experienced men, and elder minds. He embraced every opportunity to write to his friends in America—and bright eyes glistened of an evening when his aged mother, having sent for Ellen, listened to his description of the wonders he had witnessed; but though Westminster Abbey, with its hallowed cloisters, and sad, but eloquent silence, drew forth the touching sentimental, or the grandeur of the public edifices—the beauties of Regent street and the Park, elicited his warmest praise, yet over and above all, he dwelt upon the love he bore his native land—his affection for his mother—and the distant, but not forgotten girl, to whom he had vowed eternal constancy. * * *

It was a quiet afternoon in September—the sun, an orb of blood, was shedding, through the smoke, that mellow light, upon sea and land, which in America adds such a beauty to our Indian Summers. Ellen Williams stood on a promi-

nence which overlooked the waste of waters, watching, with the most intense interest, the distant sails. It had been four months since the vessel had sailed, and she had been spoken on her return voyage. With a flutter at her heart, she fancied every sail that met her gaze, wafting her lover homeward; and she watched, until the shadows of evening were stealing upon the ocean, and objects at a distance grew dim and indistinct in the uncertain twilight. Ellen Williams rested little that awful night—her sleep was disturbed with terrifying dreams; and when in the morning, intelligence was received, that a vessel, supposed to be her father's was nearing the land, she stood upon the dock, with a countenance pale and sad—too plainly indicating the workings of her troubled spirit. When the ship's near approach silenced doubt, she seemed struggling in an agony between hope and fear. When the long boat reached the shore, and friendly greetings and anxious inquiries were interchanged, the poor girl heard but this:—that the ship had made an advantageous voyage—that the passengers had been blessed with good health, and favored with pleasant weather—and, unconcernedly mingled with these commonplace remarks, the appalling news, that Edward Morton had died with a fever in London! * * *

Gentle reader! It is not meet that I should dwell upon this melancholy tale—true, although it be, and drawn from real life. I need not say that his good mother, bowed down as she was with years, found a home in the grave—that to her life had lost its charm, when the prop of her age had been taken away. And of Ellen Williams—let the marble slab that distinguishes the resting-place of her inanimated dust, speak for me. That simple monument tells of young affection—tells of a broken heart—and speaks of the virtues of her who reposes below—and of him who sleeps so far from his own loved land—of him whose ashes are laid among strangers, in the crowded cemetery of St. Pancrass Church, London. C. G. L.

The following extraordinary story, is given in a French paper:—A washerwoman of Bergen-op-Zoom lost, in the great flood of the year 1757, a few days after her marriage, her wedding-ring. Her husband set out, a few days afterwards, for the East Indies. This woman, who is nearly 90 years of age, about a month ago, bought in the Fish-market of that place a whiting, and, on opening it, she found the ring which she lost 70 years before. This was not all—a letter from the Indies arrived the same instant, and informed her that her husband, who had lived at Chandernagore, had recently died, and had left her a fortune of several millions. The good old woman was so affected that she died on the spot. This large fortune has fallen to the inheritance of five collateral relations, who are very poor, and who reside at Bergen-op-Zoom—namely, a tailor, a barber, and three carpenters. Oh, blind Fortune!

At Bremen there is a wine-cellar called the Store, where five hhds. of Rhenish wine have been preserved since 1625. The five hogsheads cost 1,200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money; a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs, or about £908,311, and a single wine-glass, 2,723,800 francs, or about £113,490.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 13.

There are a few cities, we venture to say, which present so many objects of interest to the contemplative mind, as Philadelphia. It has been the theatre of action of some of the best and greatest of our countrymen, and in it repose the ashes of many who had done honor to America and to the world—whose names, handed down to succeeding generations, will live, so long as the benefit of their virtuous example is felt, in that national character which they have so eminently assisted to establish. The self-taught philosophy of a Franklin, and the soaring mind of a Rittenhouse, will ever be remembered as ornaments to the country and to the age.

The spot where William Penn held the celebrated treaty with the Indians, is marked by a plain marble monument, on the west bank of the Delaware, at the north east of the city. Beneath the branches of a wide-spreading elm, which time has since removed, the Indians signed the treaty, granting to William Penn and his descendants, the ground on which Philadelphia now stands. The spot was then, without doubt, a most peculiar and beautiful one—having on the one hand, the silver Delaware, and on the other, the quiet woods, extending to the Schuylkill on the west. Penn, after having established the foundation of a city with a regularity and precision which does honor to his name, and having lived to see his most sanguine anticipations with regard to it, more than realized, returned again to England, and his remains were laid in his native land. Besides the monument at Kensington, there is, to perpetuate his memory, a statue in bronze, in the pleasant square before the Pennsylvania Hospital. The old arm-chair, in which he used to sit, when in council with the Indians, is preserved with much veneration and care in the same institution.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, not to be acquainted with whose character would argue the grossest ignorance of our distinguished men, is buried in the north west corner of Christ-church yard, at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets. A plain marble slab covers the ashes of the great philosopher. The nation's friend—the pride of his country, and the admiration of the world, has no labored inscription, and no storied epitaph to record his distinguished worth. Yet the name of Franklin is of itself enough—it brings to view a public life as brilliant as it was unexampled and useful. The effect which his writings and ministerial exertions had in producing the happy results of the revolution, will ever serve to keep his memory green in the hearts of his countrymen. Many people, probably, suppose that the beautiful technical epitaph which Franklin wrote upon himself, under the simile of an old book, was inscribed upon his tomb-stone. Such, however, is not the fact. With a characteristic humility, he requested that nothing but his name should mark his grave. The following is the inscription over the tomb of himself and wife:—

DEBORAH
and
BENJAMIN } FRANKLIN.
1790.

The Hall where the Declaration of Independence was prepared, the theatre where he exerted the impulses of his great and benevolent mind, is in Chesnut street; and the steps on which the reader stood who first proclaimed that Declaration to the people, are still before the hall-door. Worn and disfigured as they are by the footsteps of millions of freemen, they are a gratifying mark of the patriotism of our citizens. We should be doubting too far, the intelligence of our readers, were we to dwell upon more of the particulars of Dr. Franklin's public life.

The building where RITTENHOUSE made his observations—where his untiring assiduity was exercised in contemplating the stars—their order, and their nature—and through them, the power

that guided their mysterious revolutions, can be seen at the corner of Seventh and Arch streets. He was the projector and maker of an *Orery*, showing, by a complete system of demonstration, the motion of the planets, and the whole minutia of their revolutions round the sun. By his own desire, we are told, he was buried in his garden, near his observatory—wishing to be laid near the spot where his happiest hours had been passed in watching the heavenly bodies, and studying out their mysteries.

JOSEPH DENNIE, well known as an early ornament to the literary reputation of our country, is interred in St. Peter's church-yard, corner of Third and Pine streets. He was a man of genius, and may be considered as having given a tone to the first dawning of American literature. His *Lay Preacher*, in periodical numbers, replete with pure and classic language, easily but forcibly expressed, was universally admired. Thomas Moore, the poet, while in this country, possessing a kindred spirit, enjoyed his society—and on his return to London, expressed in one of his Poems, that happiness he had realized in America—a happiness to which, Mr. Dennie, no doubt, eminently contributed. We copy the following from the monument erected to his memory:

JOSEPH DENNIE,

Born at Lexington, Massachusetts,

August 30, 1768,

Died at Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1812.

Endowed with talents and qualified by education,

To adorn the Senate and the Bar;

But following the impulse of a genius

Formed for converse with the muses,

He devoted his life to the literature of his country.

As author of the *Lay Preacher*,And as first Editor of the *Port Folio*,

He contributed to chasten the morals, and to

Refine the taste of this Nation

To an imagination lively, not licentious,

A wit sportive, not wanton,

And a heart without guile, he

United a deep sensibility, which endeared

Him to his friends, and an ardent piety,

Which we humbly trust, recommended him

To his God.

Those friends have erected this tribute of their

Affection to his Memory.

To the mercies of that God is their resort.

For themselves and for him.

MDCCCXIX.

ALEXANDER WILSON, the celebrated ornithologist, is also buried in Philadelphia, in the burying ground of the Swede's church, near the Navy Yard. His knowledge of ornithology was almost unbounded. He was a native of Scotland—and aside from the information for which he was distinguished, he is said to have been an excellent scholar, and to have written some poetry in the *Port Folio*, creditable both to his head and heart. It was his last request, that he might be buried beneath a tree, that the birds might sing over his grave. He loved to contemplate the feathered creation; and his dying words sufficiently show how strong was the ruling passion of his life, which held such ascendancy over his mind in the trying moment of his dissolution.

Genuine Liberty.—Mr. Edwin Forrest, the admired and talented tragedian,—the pride of his native city, and the universal favorite of all Americans, has voluntarily come forward and offered *Five Hundred Dollars* for the best American Tragedy, with half the proceeds of the third night's performance, on which occasion his own services will be given gratuitously. The merits of the different pieces offered will be decided by a committee of theatrical gentlemen.

There is something in this offer of Mr. Forrest which strikes us as peculiarly appropriate for him to make. Himself the child of genius, having built up by his own natural powers, a reputation in his profession which no other American ever attained to, he has generously put forth an open hand of fellowship to the literary geniuses of his country. Rejoicing, as he is, in the sunshine of unbounded wealth, it becomes him to encourage, liberally, the talents of his countrymen. The

literary characters of America are *poor*. There is too little taste for elaborate reading to enable them yet to live by efforts of the pen, and those who make the trade of authorship their business (and the number is large) will at once appreciate the value of Mr. Forrest's offer.

But there is one other consideration to be looked to. We have been entirely dependent on foreign importations of all kinds of literature. Our stage has been monopolized by foreign plays, and native efforts have been driven off, instead of being encouraged. We have now no *national drama*. We have nothing which can be played on our anniversaries. On the eve of Washington's birth day—a day which naturally inspires the most patriotic feelings—there is nothing offered on the stage in unison with those feelings. All is *foreign*. To procure a tragedy of this kind is no doubt Mr. Forrest's desire. He deserves the thanks of every lover of the stage for the mere attempt.

Apologies.—We have often listened, with a good deal of interest, in a school-room, to hear the apologies of juvenile offenders, and to see them one by one canvassed by the pedagogue, and laid aside before the application of the birch, as insufficient to sustain the cause of the urchins, or ward off the anticipated flagellation. And we have seen parents, too, with a laudible generosity, explain away, awkwardly, the misconduct or ignorance of their children. It is perfectly natural—and “it is an error, it is on the side of parental kindness.” The following anecdote will illustrate our remarks. It may be that our readers have heard it, but we have never seen it in print. An indulgent father, in the country, had a son, whom he was lauding to the skies to a friend, for his quickness of parts, and his dutiful behaviour. Upon the gentleman's expressing a wish to see him, his father called him into the room, and requested him tenderly, to “draw father a glass of cider.” The boy, mortified and angry, at being called from play, looked his father full in the face, and pertly made answer—“I'll be darn'd if I du!” “The boy,” replied the father, turning to his friend, *has got such a cold, he is most a fool!*”

AN AFFECTING STORY.—One of Major Hamilton's acquaintance, who was marching with a body of troops between Gulliakote and Luncewarre, called on a Bheel villager to be his guide through the wood early one morning. The Bheel remonstrated, observing it was not the custom of the country to march before daylight, and that it was dangerous to do so. The officer supposing this to be the mere pretext of laziness, was positive, and threatened him if he did not go on. The man said nothing more, but took his shield and sword and walked on along the narrow path overhung with long grass and bamboos. The officer followed at the head of his men, and had moved slowly half asleep on his saddle for about five miles, when he heard a hideous roar, and saw a very large tyger spring past him so close that he almost bruised his horse. The poor Bheel lifted up his sword, but was down in an instant under the animal's paws, who turned round with him in his mouth, growling like a cat over a mouse, and looked the officer in the face. He did what could be done, and with his men attacked the tyger, which they wounded so severely that he dropped his prey. But the first blow had done its work effectually, and the poor man's skull was smashed in such a manner as, literally, to be all in pieces. The officer told Major Hamilton that from that day forwards the scene was seldom absent from his dreams, and with the least illness or fever he always had a return of the vision of the tyger with the unfortunate man in his jaws whom his imprudence had sacrificed.—*Bishop Heber's Narrative.*

MY GREEN TABLE.

Western Souvenir.—We have looked over a copy of this new annuary, just issued at Cincinnati. It contains seven very tolerable engravings, principally of scenes at the west—a species of scenery which we of the Atlantic border have seldom seen on paper. The typographical execution of the work is quite respectable—but as all the annuaries are estimated by comparisons with each other, this is but indifferently executed. It is, nevertheless, a promising beginning, and we hope the publisher may be encouraged.

The matter of the work is of an exceedingly interesting kind, consisting of tales, and historical anecdotes, relating to the settlement of the western country, and which cannot fail to make the work generally acceptable to the public.

Shut the Door.—As the season is approaching when the biting winds of Winter sweep across our fields, and through the crowded streets and alleys of our city, there are few of us that need to be reminded of the seasonable caution, "*Shut the Door.*" The poverty-stricken inmate of the miserable hovel,

"Where want, and woe, and misery reside," needeth no intimation of the kind, with which to accost the solitary messenger of mercy who may chance to cross her ice-sprinkled threshold. Yet a louder voice is calling unto all of us, not, indeed, to shut the door, but to open it.—To leave while the happy fireside where heavenly benevolence has scattered more than earthly blessings, and mindful of the miseries that cheerless Winter brings—as plentifully as his snow-flakes, but falling more heavily—to visit, and to revisit the humble habitation of the poor and fatherless. Altho' our public institutions may be lavish of the funds committed to their care, and like guardian angels, administer to want and wretchedness, yet there is nothing which can so soon remove the sorrow and the desolateness of poverty, as personal sympathy with those who suffer them. Thousands may be given annually—and thousands are given annually—to mitigate the woes of our helpless poor. But add as many thousands more to the sum already given, and the aggregate will still be insufficient for the pressing wants of a community of helpless, but deserving poor; such, alas! as may be found at every turning, and in almost every quarter of our city. Let not the injunction, then, to "*Shut the Door,*" be too carefully observed. When thy quiet mind, freed from all the troubles and perplexities of business, retires into the blissful region of thy own domestic circle, and the timid rap of supplicating widowhood is heard upon thy knocker, be careful that thou shuttest not the door; for in that sacred volume whose morality is as pure as the religion which it inculcates is holy, thou art told that "thou mayest entertain an angel unawares." Secure in the enjoyments of thy domestic hearth, and blest with competency to let thee

"Smile at the tempest, and enjoy the storm,"

forget thou not that the same Almighty hand which makes thee happy, makes a thousand others miserable; and let the good things which its bounteous goodness has reached out to thee, be freely given to those on whom the hand of thy benefactor hath fallen heavily: and in thy nightly aspirations thou mayest confidently ask,

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me,"

But there are less important duties required of us than these, though in most of them it will be well enough to keep in view the simple requisition, "*Shut the Door.*" The Editor of a paper, of all others, would do well to keep it constantly before him; for there are many things against which his brethren are called upon by every consideration of religion and humanity, to keep the door shut. If those who, since the election, are now cooling off their blistered fingers, had shut the door firmly on the torrent of political abuse which impudent demagogues of both parties had

belched forth into the faces of the public, how pure and wholesome would have been the atmosphere of discussion! And if those who are now about to grapple, hand and foot, neck and ears, in a second squabble of the same kind—if they would at once shut to the door on every personal libel, and on every low trick, whether of friend or foe—and, keeping their feet firmly against it, permit the public press to regain that respectability of which the last three years have robbed it—the very vitals of the country would be revived and maintained in a healthful state of action.

Yet, having thus wisely decided the manner in which others ought to behave, it may be a fair question to ask how we mean to do ourselves. In the first place, as the day is cold, we beg our friends to "*Shut the Door.*" On one hand, we shall be careful not to open it to anything but what, in our opinion, will tend to their advantage and improvement. We shall keep it shut on personal abuse, (as we always have) yet against sterling, unpretended merit, it shall never be found barred. Our literary friends will always find it open—and as the season for mental enjoyment—the days with long evenings, is arrived, we promise them a literary feast, such as we never served up to them before. In fact, to all good things, we shall never close our door.—Yet as the time is already here that causes us to blow our fingers, we say to all friendly visitors, in the language of that pithy placard which we have more than once seen dangling on the outside of a country schoolhouse,

"The hindmost shut the door—
But, behind or before,
Be sure to shut the door."

Enticements.—Of a verity, our goodly city is the most prolific in objects placed to attract the attention of the passing pedestrian, of any that we have visited in the Union; and by far the greater part are none of your mere colored things—the light and shade of paint upon canvass, but *bona fide* wooden images, with marvellously graceful persons, whereto people are prone to gaze, in admiration vast. Here you may see a tall negro, with face broad and shining, and "lips like parallel cylinders," grinning at the passer-by, at the same time extending to him a roll of cigars;—there a jolly looking personage like him, "of fair round belly, with good capon lined," holding forth a sealed bottle of the best maccaboy, winning many a longing look from those whose "nasal cornicles" tickle at the sight of snuff. Of the numerous oyster-cellars, and other places, where eating men most do congregate, various are the devices they make use of, wherewithal to invite the epicure into their subterranean retreats. At one place you may mark a sable Othello with his white shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows; and contrasting well with the color of his sinewy arm, presenting to a gentleman, "with spectacles on nose," the late hidden treasures of the sand, which he raises to his watering mouth, out of which, in label, goes the relishing smack, and the puff-direct, touching the richness of the oyster. At another resort, you are struck with the apparent agonies of a squirrel—the dying look of the canvass-back duck—or the lack-lustre, unmeaning phiz of an out-peeping turtle, while near them repose the round of beef, and the tempting esculent. But all this is nothing to the attempts of those who woo the citizen and the countryman to try his luck in the lottery. They are remarkably plenty, and their devices are as varied as their numbers are great. We cannot but admire the ingenuity of the artists, whose powers must assuredly be tasked to their utmost to procure an original and taking subject. Aforetime, lottery-ticket venders were content to have their calling indicated by Dame Fortune, herself emptying the bag of treasure at the feet of the successful adventurer. But now, you see at one corner a young man and his buxom companion, who have been made unexpectedly rich, gazing with the utmost scorn at an ill-looking wight, who, with more rags than dollars, proffers to them the right hand of fellowship. "Let him go to the lot-

tery," say they—"the frightful fellow—let him go to the lottery!" In another street the form of a huge son of Africa is seen, with a bag of money upon his shoulder, rendering still more crooked his bandy legs, by the additional weight which they are called upon to support. Puffing under his burden, he is cying askance through a key, as an apology for an opera-glass, a bevy of smiling personages, emulous of granting him the honor of their good graces, to whom he says, with an apparent inward chuckle, "I don't know you, 'pon me honor!" It would require a volume to describe the various devices to be seen in almost every street in town; and we believe those who are most happy in selecting attractive objects, win most the golden opinions of all classes of people.

We know of no place where a man of leisure can spend an hour or two more agreeably, than in the Navy-Yard of this city. The visitor will find the officers attentive and obliging; and they will readily permit some one to accompany him, to point out objects of interest which the Yard presents. We were at first struck by the long rows of cannon, principally forty-four pounders, placed near the entrance to the yard, to the number of about three hundred; and beyond them the huge pyramidal piles of cannon-balls, giving promise of plenty, though not of peace, to an invading foe, and holding forth an intimation of a warm reception to all enemies. Among the cannon we noticed some that were old and somewhat rusty, quietly reposing on their weather-beaten carriages. On inquiry, we learned that they were taken from the Cyane. This vessel was captured from the Danes by Great Britain; she was afterwards re-fitted, and placed in the British Navy. During the late war, she was captured by the Constitution, together with the Levant. The Levant was re-taken by the British, but the Cyane was brought home in triumph; and she is now lying at the Navy-Yard, a dark, ill-looking hulk, stripped of her rigging, and is occupied as a receiving vessel. We could not help reflecting, while standing by the Cyane's cannon, how differently they were placed, when the war-worn seaman, instead of musing like ourselves, pointed their now harmless mouths to the foe, and fought till he fell wounded and inanimate at their side. They may appear to others trifling relics, it is true, but they called up bright and vivid recollections of the past. The Sea-Gull is lying near her, and is used for a like purpose.—She was formerly a schooner, owned in New York—and during that period in which pirates infested the coasts and coaves about the West-Indies, she was purchased by Commodore Porter, and fitted up with schooner rigging and a steam engine. He was thus enabled to keep the pirates at bay, in consequence of the superior fleetness of the Sea-Gull, and the novelty of her propelling machinery.

On either side of the yard are built fire-proof work shops, and store-houses for timber; and a number of workmen, with tackles, ropes, and horse power, were engaged in drawing up and stowing away under the roof, huge pieces of beautiful live oak. On the east side of the yard, which lies open to the river, there are erected two ship houses, in which the Government vessels are built. The larger one is an immense structure; and in it is building one of the finest and largest vessels probably in the known world. The visitor can hardly credit his senses, that such an enormous mass of matter can be buoyed up on the great deep. Her anchor, now standing against the southern wall of the yard, weighs, of itself, ten thousand pounds, or about eight tons. When completed, she is to be called *The Pennsylvania*, and is the wonder and admiration of all who have seen her.—To stand at her keel, and look upwards, and mark the immense swell at her side, it is absolutely astonishing.

Many of our trans-Atlantic neighbors have visited the *Pennsylvania*—and while they could not but admire her grand proportions, while here, have nevertheless, on their return home, in the pleni-

tude of their mingled envy and spleen, endeavored to detract from her merits, and have predicted that, "to use a sailor's phrase, she would 'hog' at Sea." Indeed, we are half-inclined ourselves to believe that this prediction will in part prove true. For, should it be found necessary to bring her into action, she will, to adopt a modern phrase, "go the whole hog," at sea, demolishing all and sundry of the smaller craft that may venture within the scope of her ordnance.

We ascended a flight of stairs leading to the top of the ship-house. The view of Philadelphia and the surrounding country from this point, is beautiful in the extreme. To the south the Delaware, making a graceful bend, receives the waters of the winding Schuylkill. To the north and west stretches our city of squares, almost as far as the eye can reach, with the harbor, full of boats of every description—while the steeples, towers, and turrets, with the Penitentiary and Fairmount Water Works, in the distance, and the Woodlands over Schuylkill, on the west, fill up the pleasant and imposing picture. The Marine Hospital, an edifice which, when completed, will reflect honor, both upon the humanity of our officers and seamen, as well as the architect, is building near Gray's Ferry, on the banks of the Schuylkill, directly west of the navy-yard, and in plain sight from the ship-house. The funds for its construction have been furnished by the officers and sailors of merchantmen, and men-of-war, who pay a regular sum from their salary and wages, at the end of each successive voyage, to the Custom House. This constitutes the Hospital Fund; which, in a few years, has amounted, (exclusive of maintaining such sick and aged seamen, as have left their vocation,) to a sufficient sum to construct the Marine Hospital upon a plan of liberality and munificence.

Singular.—Mr. Aiken, cabinet-maker, in Second street, near the Custom House, found his hydrant suddenly stopped, early on Wednesday last. After various surmises as to the cause, and many fruitless efforts to procure a return of the water, an order was obtained for emptying the iron pipes which runs along Second street. On opening it, at the point where Mr. Aiken's leaden pipe communicated with the leaden pipe, there was found a live eel, fourteen inches long, fast by the tail! He had been swimming very leisurely along the main pipe, as the hydrant was turned, when his trout tail was sucked in without the possibility of escape, the aperture being too small to allow his body to pass.

Query.—Is it possible that this eel had been in the main pipe any considerable time, and if so, how did he contrive to sustain life.

FOR THE ARIEL.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

ACROSTIC.

Narcissa, now, in life's sweet, early morn,
Attend to that which will thy soul adorn,
Raise every aim to virtue's sacred place,
Cherish her precepts—rich in lasting grace;
In her mild laws, there beauty, peace of mind,
Such as in vice no mortal e'er can find;
Shun, shun with all your might, each snare,
And in true wisdom strive to largely share.
Lo! in her pleasant paths are peace and joy,
Enriched with charms that time can ne'er destroy;
Each hour from childhood down to aged life,
Good days you'll see, apart from wretched strife.
Religion gives to woman's charms a bloom
Immortal—and to flourish o'er the tomb.
Fired with celestial smiles, a Saviour's love
Fits filial daughters for those joys above,
In the effulgent realms,—the mansions where
Narcissa* shines, and your young Zenot† there.

* An infant sister of that name died 1796.

† An infant brother died 1794.

MAINE.—From the returns of the late election in Maine, it appears that this State has nearly trebled her population in 13 years.

FOR THE ARIEL.

EPITAPH ON A BAKER.

This baker's fate, kind stranger, stop to scan,
As you along the silent mansion tread
Tho' he on earth was not a needy man,
Yet it is true he often kneaded bread.

By kneading bread his riches did increase,
For it is said he heap'd up hoards of gold,
His life was flow'ry, and his end was peace,
And now his oven, like himself, grows cold.
TOM.

SINGULAR FACT.—The Georgia Messenger, in noticing the Murder of a Mr. Early, in Texas, by Isaac B. Desha, says, it is supposed that Early was the son of Gov. Early, of Georgia, the same who, about two years since, murdered an individual in that state. He made his escape, and the fact of his murder is the first that has since been heard of him. It is singular that both Desha and Early should have been the sons of men filling the highest office in their respective States—that both should have committed murder—that both should have eluded justice—and that, meeting afterwards in a distant, and comparatively unsettled country, one should fall by the hands of the other. It is a literal fulfilment of that passage of the Bible, which declares, that "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." There is something, too, like retribution, in one murderer's becoming the victim of another. It is "even-handed justice returning the poison'd chalice" to the lips of one who had himself administered it to his fellow being.

DEFINITION OF AN AMERICAN ESQUIRE.—"I asked the little shabby, bare-footed boy, our guide, whether he worked at the wool manufactory we were passing. 'No,' said he, rather humbly, 'I go to school; my father's a squire.' Thinking I did not hear correctly, I repeated the question, and received the same answer. 'And pray what is a squire—what does he do?'—'Oh! he attends sessions, trials, hears causes.'—'And what may your father do at other times?'—'He assists Mr.——at the tavern there, in the bar!'

THINGS IN GENERAL.

George Graham, of Washington City, is authorized and offers for sale a part of Gen. La Fayette's lands in Florida, and will receive proposals for the purchase of the east or north half, of the General's township of land, which half contains eighteen sections of 640 acres each.

There is at present a great scarcity of prime seamen in Baltimore. On Saturday, as high as \$16 per month were paid. Prime white sailors would readily obtain that price.

An apprentice in New York has attempted to poison his master's family with arsenic, within a few days past. No one has died in consequence, although the different members of the family have been violently sick.

A man calling himself James Devoreau, from St. Augustine, Florida, has recently been lodging at the Exchange, whose curiosity led him to break open the trunks of several of the gentlemen who board there, in search of specie. He removed to the Marlborough, and entered his name as J. A. Thomas, of N. York, where he indulged the same propensities. He has been unsuccessful thus far in his researches.

The Gazette, Lexington, Ken. states that an attempt was made on the 24th ult. to assassinate Major Barry, late opposition candidate for the office of Governor in that state. A pistol was fired into the room, in which he was with his family, and passed a few inches above the head of a gentleman who was standing near the window, in conversation with Mrs. B.—fortunately no person was injured: four panes of glass were broken.

Nearly four ounces of arsenic were taken from the trunk of Nathaniel Trice, who recently attempted to poison a whole family in New York. His intended victims have all recovered.

It is said that sugar can be easily made from the water-melon in South Carolina; where that fruit grows in the greatest perfection. A tavern keeper in the interior has made all the sugar he has used from water-melons.

The whole number of Wesleyan Methodists throughout the world, is estimated at 728,764; of these 304,871, are under the care of the British and Irish Conferences.

In the Middletown Sentinel, it is stated, that a fox, measuring four feet and eight inches, including the tail, and weighing sixteen pounds, was recently shot by Capt. Charles Miller, of Durham, while returning from a gunning excursion, in which he had killed ten quails and two woodcocks.

A small steam canal-boat, constructed in New York, an experiment, passed Weedsport on the Erie canal, recently. She proceeded with great velocity, and threw very little water upon the banks. Her propelling wheels and paddles were in the centre of the boat, and the smoke from the boiler passed off at the stern.

Mrs. Rebecca Jones, a native of Virginia, and now residing in Clarke county, Alabama, is the mother of 13 children, grandmother of 64, and great grandmother of 65. The fruitful stem of 142, the most of whom are living. She is in her 82d year, remarkable for health—rides on horseback, walks one or two miles with ease, her health good.

So little has the season been affected by the cold or any other kind of unfavourable weather, that some fields of cotton were in full bloom near Milledgeville, in Georgia, on the 4th ult.

The Baltimore Chronicle mentions a report that a vessel is loaded at N. York for England, with 14,000 bushels of corn, laid in at 60 cents.

The Methodists' printing-office, in New York, employs between 100 and 200 persons—and its expenditures for paper, types, labor, &c. are probably three or four thousand dollars weekly. About 25,000 copies of the Methodist paper are printed—11,000 of their Magazines for adults—8000 of their Juvenile Magazines;—besides editions of bibles, tracts, &c.

The editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, in an amusing dialogue between himself and one of his subscribers, informs that on the 7th inst. sixteen black fish went or were driven ashore at Courtne, the largest of which was 23 feet long. They would yield about a barrel of oil each, worth \$15 the barrel; the proceeds to be divided between the three persons who first discovered and marked them.

A PRIZE.—On the 5th ult. as the steam boat was crossing Seneca Lake from Catlin to Geneva, N. York, a large deer was seen swimming across near Hector's Falls. The yawl was lowered, and the deer taken; when dressed he weighed 180 pounds.

MELANCHOLY.—A young man named Bruner, in Butler county, Pa. accidentally killed his father on the 2d ult. They were watching a deer-lick, and the father having wandered from the course agreed upon, the son perceived something moving in the bushes, which he supposed was a buck, fired, and on running up, found his father dying!

Two brothers, near the Pecono mountain, Northampton county, Pa. recently went in pursuit of a Panther; their faithful dog soon came up with and attacked him. The Panther seized poor Tray by the throat, and while they were struggling, the brothers being afraid to fire for fear of killing their favorite dog, one of them seized the Panther by the tail, and as the animal did not quit his hold of the dog, the other fired his rifle into the Panther's head, and thus saved both his brother and his dog.

The Richmond Whig, which has been edited with great spirit and ability, has been changed from a semi-weekly to a daily paper. The editor is a son of Gov. Pleasants.

The Common Council of the city of New York, with a degree of liberality which does honor to the commercial emporium, have appropriated \$509, as a donation to Joseph Lancaster, for his former exertions in establishing schools in that city, on the Lancastrian plan.

At a recent exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York were some cabbages, grown by Mr. Wm. Wilson, one of which weighed 18 pounds. There was a bunch of carrots, also, each root measuring sixteen inches in length and ten in circumference.

HANNAH.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

The sweetest flower of the garden, the joy and pride of Dame Wilson's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her! At sixteen Hannah Wilson was, beyond a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her beauty was quite in a different style from the country rose-bud—far more choice and rare. Its chief characteristic was modesty. A light youthful figure, exquisitely graceful and rapid in all its movements; springy, elastic, and buoyant as a bird, and almost as shy; a fair innocent face, with downcast blue eyes, and smiles and blushes coming and going almost with her thoughts; a low soft voice, sweet even in its monosyllables; a dress remarkable for neatness and propriety, and borrowing from her delicate beauty an air of superiority not its own—such was the outward woman of Hannah.—Her mind was very like her passion: modest, graceful, gentle, affectionate, grateful and generous above all.

The generosity of the poor is always a very real and fine thing; they give what they want; and Hannah was of all poor people the most generous. She loved to give; it was her pleasure, her luxury. Rosy-cheeked apples, plums with the bloom on them, nosegays of cloves and blossomed myrtle: these were offerings which Hannah delighted to bring to those whom she loved, or those who had shown her kindness; whilst to such of her neighbours as needed attentions more than fruit and flowers, she would give her time, her assistance, her skill; for Hannah inherited her mother's dexterity in feminine employments, with something of her father's versatile power.

Besides being an excellent laundress, she was accomplished in all the arts of the needle, millinery, dress-making, and plain work; a capital cutter-out, and incomparable mender, and endowed with a gift of altering, which made old things better than new. She had no rival at *rifacimento*, as half the turned-gowns on the common can witness. As a dairy woman, and a rearer of poultry, she was equally successful: none of her ducks and turkeys ever died of neglect or carelessness; or, to use the phrase of the poultry-yard on such occasions, of "ill-luck." Hannah's fowls never dreamed of sliding out of the world in such an ignoble way; they all lived to be killed, to make a noise at their deaths, as chickens should do.

She was a famous "scholar;" kept accounts, wrote bills, read letters, and answered them; was a trusty accomptant; and a safe confidant. There was no end to Hannah's usefulness, or Hannah's kindness; and her prudence was equal to either. Except to be kind or useful, she never left her home; attended no fairs or revels, or Mayings; went nowhere but to church; and seldom made a nearer approach to rustic revelry than by standing at her own garden gate on a Sunday evening, with her little sister in her hand, to look at the lads and lasses on the green.

In short, our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart, without the slightest suspicion of her having ever written a love-letter on her own account; when, all on a sudden, appearances changed. She was missing at the "accustomed gate;" and one had seen a young man go into Dame Wilson's: and another had described a trim, elastic figure walking, not unaccompanied, down the shady lane. Matters were quite clear. Hannah had got

ten a lover; and, when poor little Susan, who, deserted by her sister, ventured to peep rather nearer to the gay group, was laughingly questioned on the subject, the hesitating *no*, and the half *yes*, of the smiling child were equally conclusive.

Since the new marriage act, we, who belong to country magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news. We—the privileged—see on a work-day the names which the Sabbath announces to the generality. Many a blushing, awkward pair hath our little lame clerk—a sorry Cupid—ushered in between dark and light to stammer and hacker, to bow and courtesy, to sign or make a mark, as it pleases heaven. One Saturday, at the usual hour, the limping clerk made his appearance; and, walking through our little hall, I saw a fine athletic young man, the very image of health and vigor, mental and bodily, holding the hand of a young woman, who, with her head half buried in a geranium in the window, was turning bashfully away, listening, and yet not seeming to listen, to his tender whispers. The shrinking grace of that bending figure was not to be mistaken.

"Hannah!" and she went aside with me, and a rapid series of questions and answers conveyed the story of the courtship.

"William was," said Hannah, "a hatter in B. He had walked over one Sunday evening to see the cricketing, and then he came in. Her mother liked him. Every body liked her William—and she had promised—she was going—was it wrong?"

"Oh no!—and where are you to live?"

"William has got a house in B. He lives with Mr. Smith, the rich hatter in the market-place, and Mr. Smith speaks of him—oh, so well! But William will not tell me where our house is. I suppose in some narrow street or lane, which he is afraid I shall not like as our common is so pleasant. He little thinks—any where—"

She stopped suddenly, but her blush and her clasped hands finished the sentence, "anywhere with him!"

"And when is the happy day?"

"On Monday fortnight, madam," said the bridegroom elect, advancing with the little clerk to summon Hannah to the parlor, "the earliest day possible."

He drew her arm through his, and we parted.

The Monday fortnight was a glorious morning; one of those rare November days when the sky and the air are soft and bright as in April.

"What a beautiful day for Hannah!" was the first exclamation at the breakfast table.

"Did she tell you where they should dine?"

"No, madam; I forgot to ask."

"I can tell you," said the master of the house, with somewhat of good humored importance in his air; somewhat of the look of a man who, having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. "I can tell you, in London."

"In London!"

"Yes. Your little favorite has been in high luck. She has married the only son of one of the best and richest men in B., Mr. Smith, the great hatter. It is quite a romance;" continued he:—"William Smith walked over one Sunday evening to see a match at cricket. He saw our pretty Hannah, and forgot to look at the cricketers. After having gazed his fill, he approached to address her, and the little damsel was off like a bird. William did not like her the less for that, and

thought of her the more. He came again and again; and at last contrived to tame his wild dove, and even to get the *entree* into the cottage. Hearing Hannah talk is not the way to fall out of love with her. So William, at last finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father, and requested his consent to the marriage. Mr. Smith was at first a little startled; but William is an only son, and an excellent son; and after talking with me, and looking at Hannah—I believe her face was the more eloquent advocate of the two—he relented, and having a spice of his son's romance, finding that he had not mentioned his situation in life, he made a point of its being kept secret till the wedding day. We have managed the business of settlements; and William, having discovered that his fair bride has some curiosity to see London—a curiosity, by the by, which I suspect she owes to you or poor Lucy—intends taking her thither for a fortnight. He will then bring her home to one of the best houses in B., a garden, fine furniture, fine servants, and more money than she will know what to do with. Really the surprise of Lord E's farmer's daughter, when, thinking she had married his steward, he brought her to Burleigh, and installed her as its mistress, could hardly have been greater. I hope the shock will not kill Hannah though, as is said to have been the case with that poor lady."

"Oh, no! Hannah loves her husband too well. Any where with him."

And I was right. Hannah has survived the shock. She is returned to B., and I have been to call on her. I never saw anything so delicate and bride-like as she looked in her white gown and lace mob, in a room light and simple, and tasteful, and elegant, with nothing fine except some beautiful green-house plants.—Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty, a little more respectful than usual, and far more shame-faced! Poor thing! her cheeks must have pained her! But this was the only difference. In every thing else she is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She was making a handsome matrimonial cap, evidently for her mother; and spoke, even with tears, of her new father's goodness to her and to Susan. She would fetch the cake and wine herself, and would gather, in spite of all remonstrances, some of her choicest flowers as a parting nosegay. She did, indeed, just hint at her troubles with visitors and servants—how strange and sad it was!—seemed distressed at ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double knock. But, in spite of these calamities, Hannah is a happy woman. The double rap was her husband's, and the glow on her cheek, and the smile on her lips and eyes when he appeared, spoke more plainly than ever, "Any where with him!"

Why need'nt you pay a hackney-coachman if he won't fight with you? Because "none but the brave deserve the *fare*."

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